Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathling clothes,
This infant warrier, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our throne,
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbiſhops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meet,
For euery honor, ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.